THE

POLYANTHOS.

JULY, 1807.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *CALEB STRONG, ESQ. LL. D.* Late Governour of Massachusetts.

THE life of this great and good man is so interwoven with that of our Commonwealth, that to give even a perfect *sketch* of his political career, would far exceed our limits as well as ability. All we shall endeavour to effect is, very briefly to take a review of the path he has trodden in his publick life; to sketch an hasty outline of that great portrait, which, to finish with that majesty and beauty it demands, would require, and we sincerely hope will command, the efforts of some one, worthy of the subject and equal to the attempt.

CALEB STRONG is lineally descended from John Strong, who arrived in this country from

Taunton in England, in May, 1630. He was one of the first settlers of Dorchester, but soon after his settlement, removed, together with Mr. Warham and a considerable part of the people of Dorchester, to Windsor, in Connecticut. There he continued until 1659, when he moved to Northampton, and was the first ruling Elder of the church in that town. He lived and died upon the farm which has descended from father to son, and on which the Governour now resides.

The subject of this memoir, who is the fourth from that venerable character, was born in January, 1745. Discovering, early in life, traits of genius, and a great fondness for books, he was fitted for, and entered Harvard College, and took his first degree there in 1764. He soon after commenced the study of the law, with Major Hawley, but want of health prevented him from engaging in the business of that profession, until February, 1772. Before this time, however, he was chosen Treasurer and one of the Selectmen, for the town of Northampton, and continued in these offices during the war. In his profession as a lawyer, he was ever liberal, fair, and honourable; he possessed a remarkable faculty of captivating a jury; and perhaps no man, in the western part of the state, ever had more extensive practice, or was ever employed in more important causes.

At that critical and eventful period in the American annals, the year 1775, when tyrrany threw by her mask, and prepared to seize upon

the liberties of our country; when there was no other alternative but to appeal to the justice of heaven and to arms for redress, we find Caleb Strong early conspicuous amongst the firm champions of our Independence. He was then chosen a member of the committee of safety for the town of Northampton; "a body of whigs, by whose energies the foundation of the American Independence was laid; and from whose active labours it was reared and cemented." This year he was appointed Justice of the Peace, and Attorney for the State, in the county of Hampshire.

In 1776 he was elected a member of the revolutionary councils of Massachusetts; and in the ensuing year, a most trying and important period to our country, and which required the clearest heads, firmest hearts, and most vigorous exertions of her children to support and assist her, the suffrages of his countrymen again called him to her councils. In this situation, in which he was continued for many succeeding years, his exertions and talents rendered him conspicuous, and gained him the confidence of his fellow citizens. In 1779, when the government of the State was to be erected upon a firmer foundation, and a convention of the State called forth the genius and patriotism of its sons, we find his name united with those of Hancock, Samuel and John Adams, Bowdoin, Sullivan, and Parsons. He was one of that committee which drew up the bill of Rights, and the form of the Constitution; and, in 1780, was also ap-

pointed a member of the Council of this State, in whom then was vested the executive power. In the succeeding year, when the constitution, ratified by the people, was carried into operation, he was chosen a Senator in the General Court, for the county of Hampshire ; in which the confidence and universal approbation of his countrymen continued him until the year 1787. He had also been chosen one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, but declined accepting.

The articles of Confederation, which had hitherto united the States, being found too weak and insufficient to prserve the union and tranquillity necessary; it was deemed expedient to form a constitution which should concentrate the energies of the States, and unite them more firmly together. To effect this, delegates were assembled from all the states, except Rhode-Island, at Philadelphia, in May, of the year 1787, and elected for President their beloved Washington. After four months deliberation, they formed the present Constitution of the United States ; a monument of their abilities, and a safeguard of the liberties of their country. One of these delegates was Mr. Strong, elected by the legislature of Massachusetts ; and when this constitution was carried into effect, he was chosen a senator of the United States, appointed to organize and administer it, and in this exalted station was continued a period of eight years.

Having now given twenty-two years of his life to the service of his country, eight of which were years of the revolution ; seen her indepen-

dence firmly established, and her constitution perfected, he retired to private life, to enjoy, in the bosom of his family, that happiness which a life, honourably spent in the service of his country, ought to demand and receive. This seclusion, however, was but short, for in the year 1800, the suffrages of his fellow-citizens called him to the chief Magistracy of Massachusetts. To remark upon, or to relate his publick life in this situation, is what will not be expected, and if indeed performed, would at this time be superfluous. We have all lived beneath his wing, marked his political career, seen the influence of his example, his exertions, and his actions; and he who has not seen, has heard or felt them. He is not, indeed, one of those characters, who, like the comet, in its path through the heavens, raises our wonder and astonishment for a moment, and then suddenly disappears; his course, like the sun, has been steady and uniform, his warmth felt wherever his light has been diffused; and though it has now set in the political horizon, its orb grows larger and more elegant, its lustre, though diminished, more beautiful, and the softened beams of its majesty more pleasing and lovely. To speak of his private life, likewise, is not our intention; for who among us is so ignorant as not to know the greatness of his soul, the benevolence of his heart, the purity of his principles, the mildness of his manners, the humility of his deportment, and the unwavering rectitude of

his actions. These have made him revered, esteemed, and beloved ; but these are not his only praise, for he is not only a great and good man, but a great and good christian.

In the year 1777, Gov. Strong married Miss Sarah Hooker, daughter of the Rev. John Hooker, minister of Northampton, and has now living six children, three sons, and three daughters. Retired from publick business, and fond of seclusion, he now resides upon his estate in Northampton, enjoying, as we trust, within his own bosom, the rewards of a life well spent, and a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man.

ALMAMUN, THE MISER OF BAGDAD.

A TALE.

In the reign of the caliph Almoktader, there dwelt in Bagdad a merchant, named Almamun, who, by his extensive trade which he had carried on with equal judgment and good fortune, had amassed prodigious wealth ; but as the governours and great officers employed under the young and dissipated caliph were not a little rapacious, and guilty of numerous extortions, he carefully concealed his riches, and wore the appearance of poverty ; a precaution which, at the same time that it sheltered him from the observation and grasping avarice of those in power, contributed to the increase of the wealth

he was so desirous to preserve. Most of his neighbours were well convinced that he must have accumulated a great treasure. But where he had concealed or deposited it was a secret, which he was particularly cautious not to divulge.

Among the persons he employed in the transacting of his affairs, was one named Kalid, who had completely gained his regard and confidence, by his address and good conduct in the execution of any commission with which he had entrusted him, and who appeared devoted to him with the warmest personal friendship. Kalid appeared to be scrupulously just, and punctiliously devout; but beneath this fair exteriour he concealed the utmost selfishness and dishonest artifice. He had his views constantly fixed on the great wealth of which he knew that Almamun must be possessed; and he employed all his art, though for a long time in vain, to discover the place of its concealment.

Almamun had a daughter named Shulema, whom, next to his treasures, he loved with sincere affection. Kalid had not neglected endeavouring to ingratiate himself with her, and, if possible, to gain her affections, though his own were fixed solely on the riches of Almamun, of which he hoped he might gain a considerable portion if he could recommend himself to Shulema. But she had already bestowed her heart on a youth named Helim, whose character and qualities were, in reality, far superiour to those

of Kalid; though he had not the good fortune to render himself so agreeable to her father, whose principal objection to him was, that he thought he had not talents for business. Kalid, too, having the ear of Almamun, by his suggestions continually increased his dislike to Helim, till he at length induced him to forbid all intercourse between him and his daughter. Shulema and Helim became, in consequence, the irreconcileable enemies of Kalid. But the latter made every day a greater progress in obtaining the implicit confidence of Almamun.

By repeated conversations with his employer and patron, Kalid discovered that his mind was continually disturbed by fears that he should one day be plundered of all his wealth, and perhaps deprived of his life, by the rapacity of some of the great officers of government. These fears Kalid exerted his endeavours, in the most artful but covert manner, to increase; suggesting, at the same time, that it would be well to consider, before it was too late, of the proper means to avoid this danger, and place, if possible, these riches in a state of security. He hinted to Almamun that he knew he relied on the secrecy and privacy of the concealment of his treasure. But he expressed his fears that this would avail him little, as it was generally admitted that he must be very rich; and confinement in a dungeon, with unremitting severity, or perhaps torture, must at length weary out the most resolute, and force a disclosure. He

intimated also, that were he deemed worthy to be entrusted with the important secret of the nature and amount of this wealth, he could give such advice as, were it followed, would effectually secure it from the dangers with which both it and the possessor were at present threatened.

This discourse Kalid repeated from day to day; and at length informed Almamun that he knew from undoubted authority, the sources of which, however, he could not divulge, that the governour of Bagdad, with the connivance of the caliph, had adopted the idea which was the subject of his fears, and that he would certainly be very soon arrested, in order to the confiscation of his wealth: It therefore became necessary for him to resolve immediately in what manner he would act for his personal safety, and to avoid his total ruin. He assured him that he might rely on the intelligence he had given him; that the governour was a crafty and avaricious man, as indeed he well knew: and that the caliph, as he had observed before, would connive at this act of extortion, on receiving the greater part of the plunder to dissipate in his licentious pleasures. He would be be seized suddenly and secretly, and if the expected wealth was not immediately found, he might depend on it that the severest measures would be taken to force from him a discovery of it.

Almamun, terrified at this alarming information from a friend whose veracity he thought

he had no reason to distrust, and which indeed exactly coincided with the fears he had so long entertained, conjured Kalid to give him the advice which he had intimated he was able to give, in what manner to elude the coming storm. But Kalid appeared now to answer only in a cautious and evasive manner: It was an affair of some delicacy; and should the governour discover that he had been instrumental in disappointing him of his expected prey, he might likewise be involved in ruin. Besides, Almamun had never reposed any great confidence in him with respect to his wealth: he neither knew the quantity, or the value, or the place, or manner of the concealment of the treasure he was to assist in preserving. The friendship he was requested to exercise towards Almamun required a return of equal confidence on his part.

Almamun, half distracted by his fears, resolved to confide implicitly in Kalid, and disclose to him all he seemed desirous to know. He took him, therefore, to his house without the city, and at the back of his garden showed him a kind of cave, overshadowed by thick trees, the entrance of which was very artfully closed, and known only to himself. Into this cave he descended, and brought up a coffer, which he opened and displayed to the astonished sight of Kalid. It contained a number of ingots of the finest gold, but especially diamonds, and other precious stones, of immense value. Kalid was struck mute with admiration; but still greater

was his astonishment when he descended with Almamun into the subterranean cavity, and beheld the quantity of gold, silver, and other valuable things which he had there amassed. He had never before beheld such a treasure, nor had he conceived that even Almamun possessed such wealth. His avarice was most powerfully excited, and his imagination lost and bewildered in devising schemes to obtain this treasure for himself. He could therefore scarcely answer Almamun, when he pressed him to give the advice he had promised him, but by assuring him that he should find all his wealth perfectly safe.

The next day Kalid came in great haste to Almamun, and assured him that the officers of the rapacious governour would arrive in an hour's time to seize him; in confirmation of which, he showed him some surly-looking fellows, whom he had hired and dressed up to act the part of these officers. Not an instant, he said, must now be lost. He would be irretrievably ruined, and perhaps lose his life, if he did not fly instantly for Damascus, the governour of which had rendered himself independent of the caliph, and was a man of strict justice and honour. Kalid said he had formerly known him, and had great interest with him. He would follow him in a day or two with his treasure, which he had not the smallest doubt of being able to carry off privately in safety, as soon as he was gone.

Almamun, prevented by his terrours from doubting a word of all that he had been told, set off with all speed and secrecy; and Kalid immediately applied himself to pack up, and carry away the treasure which had been discovered to him, not to convey it to Damascus, but to appropriate it to himself.

In the mean-time, Shulema and Helim having observed that Kalid, of whose honesty they justly entertained suspicions, was continually in close conference with Almamun, carefully watched his motions; and when they found that Almamun had left the city precipitately, and that Kalid was preparing, as he said, to pack up certain effects and follow him, Helim, who had some personal acquaintance with the governour, applied to him to interfere; in consequence of which Kalid was seized, and all the vast treasure of Almamun discovered. Almamun was likewise arrested before he reached Damascus, and, on an examination of all the parties, the whole knavery and artifice of Kalid was discovered. The governour decreed, that one fourth of the riches of Almamun should go to the state, for having preserved the remainder; that the half of that remainder should be given to Shulema and Helim, who were united, and lived happily; and that Kalid should expiate his crime in a dungeon, where he languished a few years, and then died.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ON THE UNWILLINGNESS OF MANKIND TO BELIEVE THEMSELVES OLD.

"My form, alas! has long forgot to please;
The days of beauty and delight are o'er."

Jane Shore.

THIS bitter confession proceeded from the sex peculiarly framed to pride itself in beauty of form. But acknowledgment of age is unpalatable even to man. This aversion is usually imputed to vanity; yet it does not always proceed from vanity, but often from want of consciousness. The mind does not grow old by equal steps with the body. The span of life is so short, that to a strong memory and lively imagination every part of it may be said to be present. The spirits of infancy, and the animated scenes of youth, seem but of yesterday. The person who is now shoved off the stage, has in fresh remembrance his being considered as a child; recollects himself repressed and neglected by the senior part of the company; and cannot believe that in a space, apparently so short, he can have occupied the place of those who despised his youth; his spirits, perhaps, are good, his health not impaired, *his soul is young*, and he will not credit the decay of the body. Much stronger must the deception be with the softer sex, whose reign of fashion and admiration seldom exceeds the trifling period of ten

years at most. The passage is too short, the voyage too pleasant, to let them listen to the pilot *Time*, announcing that the gale of adulation has ceased to blow, that the tide of pleasure and admiration has subsided, and left the vessel far on shore !

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

A singular instance of INSANITY *and* SUICIDE, *in a Letter from Dr. W. to the late Dr. Barker, at Hingham.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOUR letter was delivered to me the day before yesterday : I waited to procure more information respecting the unfortunate stranger, who is the subject of it, or you would have had an answer by the person who brought it. I knew not even the name of the gentleman you enquired after, before I heard that he had shot himself at Hingham, and that he had left some papers, and a letter directed to me. All I know of him I shall relate :—

He came to my house about two months ago, and introduced himself by saying, that he was a foreigner, and wished for an acquaintance with some scientifick man ; that he understood I had travelled much in foreign countries ; and

for such and such reasons which he mentioned, and which I need not repeat, he chose to introduce himself to me, in order to converse on a subject which had long been the object of his contemplation. The subject was *mechanicks* and *pneumaticks* : on these he talked sensibly and learnedly. Sometimes he spoke French, sometimes Dutch, and frequently expressed himself in Latin ; but what gave the whole a light and whimsical air, was its ultimate application, which was neither more nor less than *flying like a bird !* I endeavoured to convince him, that the structure, or anatomy, of a bird was very different, even in their bones, from all animals that do not fly ; and that, among other peculiarities, I would remind him that there was no instance in the vast range of animated nature, where there was such an *extent of surface*, and such *strength*, united with such *levity*, as are found in the body of a bird ; and that I could not readily believe that any wings could be constructed, whether like a bird's, or like a bat's, (which last was his favourite idea) that could raise the human body from the ground, by merely taking hold of the air He then said he would banish my doubts by actual experiment ; and took his leave with a promise to call again in three days. He came, accordingly, and explained himself further on his favourite scheme. I listened to him with attention, because he seemed to think like a man of sense, and to speak like a gentleman ; and because I recollected

that a learned English Bishop had amused himself and the world with a similar project. I could, however, perceive this foreigner's *Cartesian* philosophy had not been sufficiently corrected by later demonstrations.

From his good figure, neatly dressed hair, polite and easy manners, I concluded he was some unfortunate emigrant from the continent of Europe; an officer probably in the service of the monarchy, who, destitute of money and friends, chose to apply some of the principles he had learnt at college, to the purpose of procuring subsistence by a novel exhibition. On this account I never asked him his name or nation; but from his fine blue eye I judged him to be of Saxon origin.

You ask me if I suppose he was insane any time before he committed this shocking deed? —The writings and drawings, which he left directed to me, are so far from betraying a deranged mind, that they indicate a cool and vigorous intellect; being executed not merely with taste, but mathematical exactness. Nevertheless had I been on the jury, I should have given my verdict *Insanity*; for he shot himself in a paroxysm of despair, which implies *suspension of reason.*

I have been told that this unfortunate young man first quitted his paternal home in consequence of his father's insisting on his pursuing the profession of divinity. I have never heard any thing against his character; but have seen

some evidences, (in his papers) of his humane disposition, in giving freedom to his slave, after binding him to a trade, by which he could get an honest living. On the whole, I take him to have been one of those unfortunate young men, who, having seen but the superfices of life, believed every thing to be just what it appears; and whose rapid imagination conceived certain *ends*, without possessing fortune or patience to pursue the *means*.

He expresses himself to the following effect in the melancholy letter, (*written in French*) which he left directed to me:—*All my plans having failed, my money gone, I resolved to put an end to my life; but thought it my duty to leave to you the description of my machines. My death will make no one unhappy; therefore I go with satisfaction out of this world. May you live well, good Sir, and contented. When you receive this, I shall be in another world, where I expect to enjoy more happiness than I have experienced in this.*

With the horrour such a deed naturally inspires, we cannot but mix a portion of commiseration, especially when we recollect, that the gift of a vivid imagination brings the heaviest task on the vigilance of reason; and that such endowments require a degree of discipline which seldom attends the higher gifts of the mind; clearly proving that *Nature* without the commanding voice of RELIGION has left the noblest of her works imperfect! B. W.

Cambridge, February, 1796.

ZARIADRES AND ODATIS.

[*The following story, related by* ATHENÆUS, *combines in it all the wildness of imagination and eccentricity of fable, that captivates us so much in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and other productions of Oriental fancy. The operation of Genii alone is wanting to make it a perfect resemblance; but even without that aid, it will recall to most readers, who are acquainted with the Tales above mentioned the romantick History of Camaralzaman and the Princess Badrura*...Monthly Magazine.]

"IN the reign of Hyspaspes, king of Media, Zariadres his brother held the absolute dominion of those provinces which lie between the Caspian Gates and the river Tanaïs. His person, the most perfect specimen of manly beauty ever known, attracted the universal admiration of all who saw him, and was indeed celebrated all over Asia. The fairest and most noble princesses in the world, would with rapture have acknowledged him for their lord; but hitherto his heart had been insensible to the force of female attractions. He cultivated the qualities of a good prince and a valiant soldier, but love was a stranger to his bosom.

"On a sudden, without any apparent cause, he grew melancholy and abstracted; he fled from the company of his counsellors and asso-

ciates, neglected the affairs of state, relinquished even his favourite pleasures of the chase and of the table. He no longer accustomed himself daily to the use of arms; he left the officers of his army to inspect his troops; and gave himself up to the love of solitude and retirement.

"After he had gone on for some time in this unusual mode of life, he grew as restless and impatient as he had been before indolent and inactive. He was continually breaking up his camp, and moving to all parts of his dominions, exercising himself and his men in long and toilsome marches, insensible to labour and fatigue, to the noon-tide heats, or to the damps of midnight.

"It was love that had taken possession of the soul of Zariadres, and had made him so altered a man. It was hopeless love; for it was fixed on nothing that had reality, on the phantom of the imagination, on a vision of the night.

"This vision, the appearance of the loveliest form in which female excellence ever dwelt on earth, had first passed before his eyes in his tent, when he had laid himself down to repose after the fatigues of a long and perilous chase. From that moment a fatal passion seized upon his senses, and mixed with the vital current of his veins. The visionary fair one renewed her visit the next night, and the next; and from that time he never slept but his slumbers were

blest with the appearance of that celestial form which had captivated his soul.

" At length, whether admonished by a dream, or actuated by some divine or spiritual impulse, he removed his camp to the banks of the Tanais ; and he had not remained there long before (following the same celestial admonition) he sent ambassadours to the court of the king Omartis, to demand his daughter in marriage.—Omartis reigned over all those countries which extend themselves along the further borders of the Tanais. His only misfortune was, that he had no male offspring to succeed him in his great possessions ; happy in every other respect, in a prosperous and peaceful empire, in dutiful and affectionate subjects, and in a daughter the fairest and most amiable of her sex.

" Odatis was as excellent a model of female loveliness as Zariadres of manly beauty. Her charms, and her high birth and inheritance, had made her long the object of emulation among all the princes of the East. Zariadres only had not yet sought her ; and yet it was she whose image unconsciously possessed his soul, who was the constant object of his daily thoughts, and of his nightly visions ; for so it was ordered by the celestial powers who make man their care.

" Omartis, having no male heir, had long determined to reject the suits of all the princes who claimed the hand of Odatis, and, for the

good of his subjects and his own happiness, to bestow her at a fit time on some one of his own nobles, whose rank and virtue she might approve. Odatis knew, and did not oppose, his intention; for not one of the noble youths whom she was accustomed to behold had made any impression on her heart. But at the time that Zariadres sent his embassy to the Court of Omartis, the same powers who watched over the happiness of the Median Prince, placed his form in a vision of the night, before the eyes of the royal virgin, and inspired her bosom with a mutual flame; and thus, by supernatural interference, were two lovers attached to each other by the strongest passion that was ever felt, without either of them knowing for whom they experienced a sensation so new and powerful.

"But the same sympathy which had caused Zariadres to send his messengers to her father's Court, informed Odatis that the prince who demanded her was the real object of her passion; and, for the first time in her life, she felt a secret pang when the offers of her suitor were rejected, and the ambassadours sent back with a positive refusal. However, virgin modesty, and the shame that must have attended the confession of so strange and wonderful an attachment, prevented her from saying a word against the sentence of her father.—From that moment a deep melancholy took possession of her, and she pined away insensibly.

"In the mean-while the time arrived which Omartis had fixed in his own mind for the nuptials of the princess. It was a very general custom throughout the East, that, when a prince or powerful nobleman was bent upon the marriage of his daughter, he gave a sumptuous feast, and invited to it all those who were her suitors, or such of the great men of his Court as he thought worthy of her; and that, when all the guests were assembled, the virgin bestowed a goblet on him, of all the company, whom she preferred, and who was immediately declared her husband.—When Odatis was informed of her father's determination, though she had long expected it, her heart sank within her, and despair took possession of her mind. In vain did she allege all the motives that her imagination could suggest to dissuage the king from his purpose; her disinclination to marriage, her contentedness in her present state, her youth, her affection for her father, all were alleged in vain. Omartis attributed her apparent diffidence to virgin coyness or modesty, and he proceeded to appoint the day of her nuptials. At this critical time the good Genius that had hitherto presided over their mutual love, still befriended Odatis and Zariadres, and suggested to her to send to the Prince of Media's camp, which still remained on the borders of the neighbouring river, information of the ensuing marriage. From that time her anxiety increased; but hours and days rolled on, and nothing was

seen or heard of her lover. What could she imagine but that he had desisted from all further pursuit of an object, in which he had once experienced a repulse ?

" The day at last arrived on which Omartis had determined that his daughter should declare her choice of a husband. All the nobles were, therefore, assembled at the royal court, and a magnificent banquet set forth, at which the king declared his purpose to the whole company. The bowl had now gone freely round, and all hearts beat with transport or with solicitude at the prospect of the approaching decision, according as vanity or confidence more or less prevailed in their minds.

" At length the Princess was summoned into the hall, where she received, with modest submission, her father's commands. ' Take this goblet of wine,' said Omartis, ' cast your eyes around in this noble company, and present the draught to him whom you select for your husband.' The trembling Odatis took the cup. She anxiously cast her eyes around her, but Zaraidres was not in the hall. She could not disobey the royal and paternal injunction, but delayed the fatal choice as long as modesty and duty would permit.

" At length, pale and sorrowful, she was just about to bestow the goblet upon the worthiest of the princes, when, suddenly, there entered a stranger, in haste, whose noble and beautiful aspect struck all the beholders with admiration

and wonder.—Odatis uttered a shriek of joy, and the presented goblet was seized with transport by the unknown youth; and, while the king and his train remained motionless with astonishment, the Princess was borne away in triumph by her successful lover, mounted on the fleetest of his horses, and in a few hours found herself in the arms and on the throne of Zariadres.

"For ages after, the barbarians of Asia commemorated with enthusiasm the fortunate loves of Zariadres and Odatis; they painted them in their palaces and temples; they sung them at their feasts and games; and the name of Odatis was universally given to the daughters of their princes and satraps."

PARALLEL PASSAGES

SELECTED FROM SHAKESPEARE AND BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Mr. Seward, in his preface to the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, says, Shakespeare's *second rate*, and our authors' *first rate beauties*, are so near upon a par, that they are scarce distinguishable. He then proceeds to give some parallels of poetick diction and sentiments, which he divides into three classes. The first, consists of passages where they 'fall short of Shakespeare; the second, of such as are not easily

discerned from him; the third, of those where Beaumont and Fletcher have the advantage.'

In The Maid's Tragedy there is a similar passage to one of Shakespeare, the comparison of which alone will be no bad scale to judge of their different excellencies. Melantius, the general, thus speaks of his friend Amintor:

His worth is great, valiant he is and temperate,
And one that never thinks his life his own
If his friend need it. When he was a boy
As oft as I returned (as, without boast
I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard;
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it.—He oft would make me smile at this;
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed.

The old Belarius, in Cymbeline, is describing the in-born royalty of the two *princes* whom he had bred up as peasants in his cave.

This Paladour, (whom
The king his father called Guiderius) Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: Say thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words.—

Cymbeline, act 3, scene 3.

Much the same difference as between these two passages, occurs likewise in the following pictures of *rural melancholy*; the first, of *innocence forlorn*, the second, of *philosophick tenderness*.

I have a boy
Sent by the gods I hope to this intent,
Nor yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears;
A garland lay by him, made by himself
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystick order that the rareness
Delighted me: But ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story;
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun
Which still he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Exprest his grief; and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished, so that methought I could
Have studied it.— *Philaster.*

Jaques, in As You Like It, is *moralizing* upon the fate of the deer, gored by the hunters, in their native confines.

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
To day my lord of Amiens and myself

Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* Oh, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much; then being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends:
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, ye fat and greasy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion, *&c.*

As You Like It, act 2, scene 1.

Of the second class of parallels, *i. e.* where the hand of Shakespeare is not easily discerned from Beaumont and Fletcher, Mr. S. gives the following descriptions of a beautiful boy:

Dear lad, believe it,
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.

Philaster, act 2.

Alas ! what kind of grief can thy years know ?
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them : believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves to abide in them.

Twelfth Night, act 1.

The following passages are selected by Mr. Seward as an instance of superiour excellence in his authors, and where they probably built on Shakespeare's foundation At the latter end of *King John*, the king has received a burning poison ; and being asked,

How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poisoned, ill fare ! dead, forsook, cast off ;
And none of you will bid the Winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burnt bosom ; nor entreat the North
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much ;
I beg cold comfort.

In the tragedy of a *Wife for a Month*, the prince *Alphonso*, who had been long in a frenzy of melancholy, is poisoned with a hot fiery potion ; under the agonies of which he thus raves :

Give me more air, more air, air, blow, blow, blow,
Open thou Eastern gate, and blow upon me;
Distil thy cold dews, oh, thou icy moon,
And rivers run through my afflicted spirit.
I am all fire, fire, fire; The raging dog-star
Reigns in my blood; oh, which way shall I turn me?
Ætna and all her flames burn in my head.
Fling me into the ocean, or I perish.
Dig, dig, dig, dig, until the springs fly up,
The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into them,
And bathe my scorched limbs in their *purling pleasures*;
Or shoot me into the higher region,
Where treasures of delicious snow are nourished,
And banquets of sweet hail.
Rug. Hold him fast, friar,
Oh, how he burns!
Alph. What, will ye sacrifice me?
Upon the altar lay my willing body,
And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense;
And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,
Consuming flame. Stand off me or you're ashes.

* * * * * *

Mart. To bed, good Sir.
Alph. My bed will burn about me;
Like Phaeton, in all-consuming flashes
Am I enclosed; let me fly, let me fly, give room;
'Twixt the cold bears, far from the raging lion,
Lies my safe way; oh, for a cake of ice now
To clap unto my heart to comfort me.
Decrepit Winter hang upon my shoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen icicles,
Like jewels round about my head, to cool me.
My eyes burn up and sink into their sockets.
And my infected brain like brimstone boils;

I live in hell and several furies vex me.
Oh, carry me where never sun e'er showed yet
A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,
Never to be dissolved, where naught inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping frosts and winds,
That cut the stubborn rocks, and make them shiver;
Set me there, friends.——

The first and last lines of the quotation from Shakespeare are to be ranged among the *faults* that so often occur in his works, which he committed to please the corrupt taste of the age he lived in, but to which Beaumont and Fletcher's learning and fortune made them superiour. The intermediate lines are extremely beautiful.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES, MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS, &c. OF THE ANCIENTS.

[*From the Monthly Magazine.*]

NOTWITHSTANDING the melancholy gloom which the ancients cast over all their ideas of death and the grave, both in their moral and poetical writings, they appear in reality to have endeavoured as much as possible to lighten those impressions, and place at a distance those dark phantoms of the imagination. Accordingly, the deep and solemn sadness attending our Gothick burials, the black shades of yews and cypresses, the dreary charnel-house and vaulted

sepulchre, the terrifick appendages of mouldering bones and winding sheets,

'The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm,'

which, from custom, form so great a part of the horrour we feel at the thoughts of death, were to them unknown. The corpse consumed by funeral fires, and the ashes inclosed in urns and deposited in the earth, presented no offensive object or idea. Besides to dissipate the sorows of the living, or perhaps with a deisre to gratify the spirit of the dead, wines were poured and flowers were scattered over the grave. These last pious offices were called Ἐρωτες, the grateful tributes of love and veneration. The manes of the deceased, still wandering about the place of interment, might perhaps partake of the libation or enjoy the odour: at least his memory would be honoured, and his ghost delighted.

Whatever may have been the original purpose of these ceremonies, we find repeated allusions to them in the poets. Anacreon mentions the rose as being particularly grateful:—

Τοδε και νοσιοιν αρχει
Τοδε και νεκροις αμυνει, Ode 53.

The tomb of Achilles was adorned with the amaranth. Electra complains that her father's grave had never been decked with myrtle-boughs. Anacreon, in another passage, alludes still more forcibly and beautifully to the same custom;

Why do we precious ointments shower,
Nobler wines why do we pour,
Beauteous flowers why do we shed
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live;
Now your wines and ointments give.
After death I nothing crave—
Let me alive my pleasures have—
All are Stoicks in the grave.

COWLEY.

We have an epigram by Leonidas exactly to the same purpose:—

Μη μυρα μη στεφανυς λιθιναις στηλαισι χαριζυ.

Seek not to glad these senseless stones,
With fragrant ointments, rosy wreathes;
No warmth can reach my mouldering bones
From lustral fire that vainly breathes.

Now let me revel while I may—
The wine that o'er my tomb is shed
Mixes with earth and turns to clay—
No honours can delight the dead.

Hence we may recollect, that offerings of this nature were made with a view of gratifying the deceased; and it seems to have been a very prevailing notion among many nations besides the Greeks, that men after death retain the same

passions and appetites that distinguished them when living.

Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repôstos.

In Lycophron, a mountain is placed between the tombs of two enemies, lest their manes may be offended at seeing the funeral honours paid to each other. An epigram of Bianor's contains a similar idea, attended with a circumstance of singular horrour.

Οιδιποδος παιδων Θηβη ταφος.

In Thebes the sons of Œdipus are laid—
But not the tomb's all-desolating shade,
The deep forgetfulness of Pluto's gate,
Nor Acheron, can quench their deathless hate.
Even hostile madness shakes the funeral pyres—
Against each other blaze their pointed fires.
Unhappy boys! for whom high Jove ordains
Eternal hatred's never-sleeping pains.

I recollect somewhere to have met with a story of two Scandinavian heroes, who having, like these Grecian brothers, fallen by mutual wounds, were buried together, while yet living, on the field of battle, and some centuries after, (as the legend relates) were discovered still fighting with unabated rage, with the addition, I think, that one of them had gnawed his adversary's head to the skull.

Among the monumental inscriptions of the Greeks, will be found some of the best and most affecting epigrams that have come down to us; a few examples of which are offered to the reader. The following is by the poetess Erinne:

Νυμφας Βαυκιδος ειμι.

I mark the spot where Delia's ashes lie.
Whoe'er thou art that passes silent by
This simple column, graced by many a tear,
Call the fierce Monarch of the Shades severe.
These mystick ornaments too plainly show
The cruel fate of her who lies below.
With the same torch that Hymen gladly led
Th' expecting virgin to the genial bed,
Her weeping husband lit the funeral pyre,
And saw the dreary flames of death aspire.
Thou too, oh Hymen! bad'st the jocund lay
That hailed thy festive season, die away,
Changed for the sighs of wo, and groans of deep dismay.

It is worth while to observe the allusion in this epigram to another custom of the Greeks, who frequently adorned the tomb with some symbols indicative of the peculiar circumstances attending the death of the deceased.

The affecting incident of an unfortunate woman dying in a foreign land, surrounded by strangers, is preserved in the following lines of Tymnes, who has accompanied it with the ex-

cellent consolation of philosophy. Philænis was a native of Egypt, and died in Crete, at the town of Eleuthernæ.

Μη σοι τουτο Φιλαιν.

Grieve not, Philænis, though condemned to die
Far from thy parent land, and native sky,
Though strangers' hands must raise thy funeral pile,
And lay thy ashes in a foreign isle.
To all on death's last dreary journey bound
The road is equal, and alike the ground.

We are unacquainted with the author of the following epigram, the thoughts of which are affecting and beautiful. I have added to it a translation of a few lines preserved to us from the works of Antiphanes, which are very applicable to the subject we are upon, and contains one of the most cheerful grounds of consolation which religion allows us to indulge upon the death of friends :—

Πενθειν δε μετριως τους προσηκοντας φιλους.

When those whom love and blood endear
Lie cold upon the funeral bier,
How fruitless are our tears of woe,
How vain the grief that bids them flow!
Those friends lamented are not dead,
But gone the path we all must tread:
They only to that distant shore,
Where all must go, have gone before.

Shine but to-morrow's Sun, and we,
(Compelled by equal destiny)
To the same inn shall come where they,
To welcome our arrival, stay.

The following epigram (which in the original is addressed to one Sabinus, but by whom is uncertain), and the succeeding one by , on the death of a friend drowned at sea, are marked with a degree of sensibility which renders them worthy of observation:

Τυτο το ἡμετερον μνημηῖον εσθλε Σαβινε.

How often Lycid will I bathe with tears
This little stone which our great love endears;
But you, remembering what to me you owe,
Drink not of Lethe in the shades below.

Ωφελε μηδ' εγενοντο θοαι νεες.

O had no venturous keel defied the deep,
Then had not Lycid floated on the brine.
For him, the youth beloved, we pausing weep,
A name lamented, and an empty shrine.

The truth is, that in their thoughts and reflections on death, mankind have ever had in view some idea of a consciousness that remains and lingers round the 'pleasing, anxious' solicitudes and scenes of life. They have ever imagined to themselves a spirit after death, that busied itself in protecting the fame and character of their lives, that was yet alive to slights and hon-

ours paid to the grosser and earthy parts. And the delicate Tibullus suffers himself to be so far led away by these ideas, that he has prescribed the very mode of burial, and named the very persons whom he wishes to appear as mourners over his funeral. The whole elegy is full of tenderness : I venture to translanslate it.

From Tibullus, Book 3, Elegy 2.

Cruel the man that laboured to divide
The youth and maid by tender love allied ;
And hard was he who could the theft forgive,
Bear with his sorrow, and endure to live.
Absence from her in vain I try to brave :
I yield, and grief consigns me to the grave.
And when a slender shade I shall aspire
From mouldering embers and the funeral pyre,
May sad Neræa to my pile repair
With tears, (how precious !) and unbraided hair,
Mixed with a mother's sighs her sorrow pour,
And one a husband, one a child deplore.
With words of fond regret and broken sigh,
Please the poor shade that hovering lingers nigh,
With pious rites my cherished bones adorn,
The last sad remnant of the youth they mourn.
Nor grudge my thirsting ashes to enshrine
With purest milk bedewed, and purple wine,
And dry the shower by fond affection shed,
Or ere they place them in their marble bed.
In that sad house, may every fragrance stored

That warm Assyria's perfumed meads afford,
And grief from Memory's tearful fount that flows
Sooth my charmed spirit, and my bones compose.
But on my tomb, beside the publick way,
May some memorial to the stranger say,
"Here Albius sleeps; a prey to grief he fell,
"Deserted by the maid he loved too well."

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

EXTRACT FROM THE PLAY OF "ADRIAN AND ORRILA."

[The scene lies at the Castle of *Count Rosenheim*, in Saxony, whose daughter *Orrila* had been bred up during his absence at the court of Dresden: *Adrian*, the supposed son of *Madame Clermont*, during his childhood, being frequently invited to Rosenheim Castle, as he advanced to manhood became deeply enamoured of *Orrila*. *Prince Altenburg*, the patron and friend of *Count Rosenheim*, proposes for the hand of *Orrila*, and arrives with the *Count* at his Castle, to celebrate his nuptials. His arrival baffles the hopes of the young Lovers. *Madame Clermont*, terrified at the *Prince's* presence, prevails on *Adrian* to quit the territories of Saxony; and the *Count*, suspecting the real state of his daughter's affections, forbids *Adrian's* presence at the Castle. *Lothaire* (page to *Altenburg*) contrives a meeting between the young lovers at the house of his sister *Minna*; and while *Adrian* is on his way

to *Minna's* cottage, he accidentally preserves the life of *Altenburg*, and refuses to tell who he is. The *Prince* receives intimation from *Lothaire*, and waits upon *Madame Clermont* to thank her for his deliverance, but is disdainfully received. During this, a meeting having taken place between the lovers, *Orrila* consents to elope with *Adrian*. They are intercepted in their flight, and brought back to the Castle. *Madame Clermont*, hearing of the situation of *Adrian* (whose life is become forfeited by the laws of Saxony, for endeavouring to run away with the heir of a noble family) hastens to the Castle, gets admission to the *Count's* presence, and in vain pleads for her son. Hearing the voice of *Altenburg*, she hides her face with her veil. The *Prince* enters, leading in *Adrian* (his deliverer), whose pardon he obtains. *Madame Clermont* kneels to the *Prince*, unveils, and discovers to be *Matilda Carlestein*, whom the *Prince* had seduced; and in the relation which she gives of the occurrences of her life, *Adrian* is discovered to be the legitimate son of *Altenburg*, by which all difficulties in his marriage with *Orrila* are removed, the *Count* consents to their union, and the *Prince* receives *Matilda* as his wife.]

ACT V.—Scene 2.

Enter Anslem, followed by Madame Clermont.

Ans. (gruffly) I tell you again, Mistress, that you ask in vain—my lord will admit no visitors.

Mad. Alas! mine is no idle call of ceremony—'tis a heart-broken mother, imploring mercy for her child.—Surely, good man, you know my face?

Ans. Aye, I know it well enough—and I know your son's too—a plague on the family

face, say I—it has wrought nothing but mischief since it was shown in our valley—but once for all, my master will not see you.

Mad. Nay, but deliver my humble message to him, and his purpose may relent: behold my anguish, and do so much for charity!

Ans. Charity begins at home; and I do'nt see why I should thrust myself into the way of trouble, only for the chance of a stranger's thanks.

Mad. I am not rich; yet I can reward a friendly service. Look, good man, this purse —this crosslet too—all shall be yours, if you admit me to the count.

Ans. Umph! I have naturally a wish to oblige, but 'tis as much as my place is worth to serve you: my lord is in a parlous fury, and has given strict orders not to be disturbed; however, I've a tender heart; and, as you say, out of charity one ought to— but is that locket made of real jewels?

Mad. In truth it is—O! do not torture me.

Ans. Well, well! I don't doubt your word—but if I *do* serve you, 'tis out of charity, more than the lucre of gain I hope you understand that rightly. Wait here in the anti-chamber, and I'll try what can be done. [*Exit.*

Mad. Wretched Matilda! when will the chastisement of my offences cease? Will not Heaven accept of penitence, without atonement? Must man be taught to curse, ere God will pardon me? If so, I must indeed despair; for never can the dark confession pass these lips:

shame fixes there an everlasting seal, and in the grave my secret must be buried with me! Yet, O! the innocent one, the object of my fondest love, is doomed to suffer for my sake. Haply, even now, from his dungeon's depth my darling Adrian calls upon my name, and invokes me to preserve him. Inhuman! I hear him, yet can mock his prayer. Soon he may be dragged to an ignominious death; and as he passes to the scaffold, in agony of spirit he may point to me, and cry, 'Behold the unnatural mother, who could have saved her son, yet would not!'

Re-enter Anslem.

Ans. I thought what answer I should bear you back; my lord commands you to leave the castle, and trouble him no further.

Mad. (fiercely) I will not obey his mandate: I come here to claim a son, and without him I never will go hence:—this proud imperious lord *shall* see me; or, like a plague, I'll hang upon his threshold, and pierce his ear with everlasting cries!

Ans. Nay, but I must tell you——

Mad. Away! and let me pass! *(she casts her purse at his feet)* there is your hire—stoop! and be absolved by gold for all neglects!

[Passes him, and exit.

SCENE III.—*A Saloon—Rosenheim discovered, seated at a table—Githa standing by him, crying.*

Ros. How dare you, old woman, to disobey my orders? I commanded you to quit my pres-

face, say I—it has wrought nothing but mischief since it was shown in our valley—but once for all, my master will not see you.

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Passes him, and exit.

SCENE III.—*A Saloon—Rosenheim discovered, seated at a table—Githa standing by him, crying.*

Ros. How dare you, old woman, to disobey my orders? I commanded you to quit my pres-

ence half an hour ago—Must I still endure your senseless jargon?

Gith. Ah! my lord—be not so harsh with your poor old servant—Indeed I cannot quit you, without a word of comfort to carry lady Orrila!

Ros Carry her my curse—no—not my curse; but tell her I never will forgive her.

Gith. Ah! such a message would break her poor heart at once. If your lordship could only see her, just as I left her in her chamber, fixed like a statue, her hands folded on her knees—her cheeks so deadly pale, and her fine dark eyes turned upward towards heaven, all streaming with—Ah! sure it is a sight that would melt a heart of stone!

Ros. I am glad she suffers—to know that she is miserable rejoices me—if she was to weep till the Elbe overflowed with her tears, she could not wash out the stain she has fixed upon her family. *(A person knocks softly at the door)* How now! who knocks there?

Anslem appears.

Ans. Please you, my lord——

Ros. No, Sirrah! it displeases—disobedience, like an Egyptian plague, taints all my house, and leaves no wholesome creature within its walls.—'Twas my positive order no person should intrude.

Ans. In sooth, my lord, I'm not in fault—that woman is so obstinate, there's no way to rule her.

Ros. Eh! has'nt she left the castle yet?

Ans. No, my lord; nay more, she insists upon admittance to your lordship, and declares you *shall* see her.

Ros. How! vastly well! we shall find a way to settle with this positive personage: she *insists* truly! very right; let her enter, then: she has chosen a lucky moment; I'm in a delightful temper to receive her!—yes, show the lady hither directly. Old woman, begone! *(Githa appears about to entreat again.)* Once more, begone, I say. *(He stamps furiously with his foot, and Githa retires, terrified at his rage; the Count then draws his chair forward, and seats himself with an air of excessive irritation.)* Now, then, for this determined lady; no doubt 'twas she who tutored her hopeful son for this exploit:—well, well, her visit shall meet a due reception.

Enter Madame.

(She advances with an unsteady step, and bends with humility before the Count, who regards her sternly, and does not return her salutation.)

Ros. Well, Madam, your high and mighty pleasure is complied with;—you *do* see me, and now for the business:—what have you to say?

Mad. One word.—*Mercy.*

Ros. I expunged that word from my dictionary, when a villain's hand blotted the page where *honour* was inscribed.

Mad. Count Rosenheim, you are a parent.

Ros. Aye, madam, a wretched one—your son

has rendered me such—I thank you for the recollection.

Mad. Is there then no hope? Are you resolved on his destruction?

Ros. Not so; I never take upon myself to decide the fate of any individual, whatever be my provocation; my cause shall be submitted to the excellent laws of my country—which never fail to redress the injured, or to protect an honest subject against the aggressions of the profligate and uuprincipled!

Mad. But those laws are terrible.

Ros. Only to the vicious: innocence regards them undismayed: but, in a word, madam, be this my fixed answer to all expostulation;—your son shall receive *justice*, and only justice; if the injured man demands no more, how shall he who commits the wrong expect indulgence!

Mad Oh! heavens! do not send me from you thus!

Ros. 'Sdeath, woman! I did hope to have kept my temper with you: but you provoke me now beyond all patience.—How have you the effrontery to come into my presence upon such an errand; after you and your son have plotted against me, the basest injury a man of rank could suffer;—to steal away my heiress;—to pollute the stock of nobility with plebeian blood;—and to prop your own bankrupt fortunes with dishonest spoils;—to—

Mad. Hold! my lord—nor wantonly trample on a wretch whom affliction has already

beaten to the ground ! tho' I lose happiness, let me retain honour : by every sacred name, I swear, even in remotest thought, I was not privy to your daughter's flight ; and had I known her fatal purpose, would have perished rather than deserved your harsh reproach.

Ros. (somewhat softened) Well, madam, if such really be the case, (and you have protested it with solemnity) I am sorry for your misfortune : I can readily believe that unworthy children may spring from honourable parents ; and if I have accused you undeservedly, I sincerely request your pardon.

Mad. Ah ! that your forgiveness could be won half so easy as mine is granted ! but you have a generous, noble nature—and, by all its godlike attributes, I implore you to have compassion on a desolate, distracted woman ! *(She casts herself on her knees before him.)* Release my boy ! restore him to these widowed arms—and to the globe's remotest corner will we fly, never, even by our name, to wound your peace again.

Ros. 'Tis in vain—I am deaf to all entreaty.

Mad. (catching his arm with convulsive fervour) Count ! A soul now kneels to you for salvation ! If Adrian suffers, I shall be his murderess, and his innocent blood will fall on my head, and sink me to perdition !

Ros. Away ! away ! you rave !

Mad. No—I am not yet mad, though soon I may be driven so—you cannot, dare not—destroy my Adrian—he is—

Ros. What?

Mad. (shuddering in agony) There is a dreadful secret—may I confide in you?—Will you swear not to betray my trust?

Ros. (surprised) I am a man of honour.

Mad. (looking suspiciously around and speaking low.) Aye! but swear never to breathe in mortal ear the lightest hint of my confession—swear it, Count! solemnly swear it! *(She grasps his hand between her's, and rivets her eye on his with terrifying wildness—the Count appears astonished and irresolute—while he hesitates, the voice of Altenburg sounds without.)*

Alt. (without.) I must see the Count directly.

Mad. (releasing her hold, and starting up with the look and accent of despair)—'Tis now too late, and I am dumb forever! *(she draws her veil quickly over her face.)*

Enter Altenburg.

Alt. Count! I come to make a trial of your friendship—'tis now in your power to oblige me eternally.

Ros. My friend! you should command, rather than request. I am your debtor in kindness for more than I can ever pay.

Alt. Grant me one favour and you discharge the obligation nobly. Say I have your promise.

Ros. Irrevocably.

Alt. Enough—I take you at your word—*(passes to Madame, and takes her hand with eagerness.)* Woman of affliction, cease to weep—the vial of wrath is drained, and the chastising an-

gel smites no more ! *(He returns to the door, and throwing it open, introduces Adrian.)* Behold the boon I claim—'tis the restoration of an only son to the arms of a widowed mother ! *(Adrian rushes forward, Madame shrieks faintly, and drops lifeless into his arms.)*

Ros. Prince ! what does this mean ?

Alt. Strictly justice—life for life—This youth preserved mine ; and now, through your consent, I redeem his from equal peril.

Ros. Prince ! Prince ! my honour will remain forever wounded, if that youth escapes.

Alt. And mine would be slain outright, was he condemned to suffer.—Altenburg has broken his chains, will Rosenheim's be the hand to rivet them again ?

Adr Look up, my mother !—'tis Adrian calls, will you not bless him with a word ? *(Madame, without answering, feebly disengages herself from Adrian's embrace—totters toward Altenburg—sinks on her knees, and, sobbing audiby, takes his hand and kisses it.*

Alt. No thanks, dear lady ! but if you were once my enemy, only say I have atoned to you and that I am now forgiven.

Mad. All *is* forgiven !—All *shall* be atoned ! *(She draws aside the veil and gazes upon him, pale and trembling.)*

Alt. Why do you fasten thus your eyes upon me ?—Gracious Heaven ; What dreadful charm is in your looks ?--those eyes ! they pierce my soul—never but once I gazed on such

before—terrible illusion!—Speak but a word—*one* word!

Mad. Matilda! *(her eyes close and she falls prostrate at his feet.)*

Alt. Almighty powers! 'tis she—the wronged, betrayed, and still adored Matilda!—O! let me catch you from the ground, and clasp you ever in these trembling arms! Matilda! look upon me! receive my penitence, and bless me with your pardon!

Mad. Away! such bliss must ne'er be mine! *(struggling to force him from her.)* Nay, hold me not—You know not what you do—You press to your bosom a serpent that would have stung your noble heart to death!

Alt. Oh! do not shun me!—Fancy luxuriates, and I grow wild with hopes!—Matilda!—Adrian!—Mother!—Son!—Oh God! is he *that* son!—dare I to call him *ours?*

Mad. (with bitterness.) Ours! would Altenburg then acknowledge Matilda Carlestein's nameless boy?

Alt. Rack me not with doubts so cruel!—bless me with a word, and say that I am still a parent:—but wherefore do I ask?—Nature irresistibly declares I am.—Adrian! my eager arms and throbbing heart expand together to invite a son. *(He rushes forward to embrace Adrian.)*

Mad. (interposing) Hold! Altenburg! forbear!—Adrian is *not* my son!

Adr. Great Heaven! not your son!—Oh! mother, do not drive me mad.

Alt. She would deceive us both; but the heart is confident and cannot err.

Mad. Again I charge you hold!—By the eternal majesty of Truth! here, in the face of Man and Heaven, I swear it! Adrian is *not* my son!

Adr. What then am I? how must I regard you?

Mad. As a fiend to be abhorred forever.

Adr. No, no; Adrian blesses you!

Mad. Soon will you learn to curse me—you will—you must—but I care not—my brain burns—yet all shall be confessed.

Alt. Matilda! a child once blessed our love,—say, in pity say, where is *that* child now?

Mad. Dead! Prince! dead! dead!—dust in the grave!—Hear me!—Twenty years since, sorrowing and blushing with my wrongs, I left the gaudy mansion of my shame, and sought in distant shades an humble refuge with my child; desolate as I was, when I pressed my baby to my heart, I still felt comforted—a brief, illusive calm soothed my worn spirit, and I began to dream of peace—when suddenly a malignant fever seized upon my blooming infant—for three wretched days and nights I watched by its bed incessantly, and Heaven knows how fervent were my prayers! But watch and prayer were vain, and the Angel of Death tore from my weak arms the only solace I retained on earth. —Even *now* I shake with the terrours of that hour. It was *your* child, Altenburg!—and,

had you seen his soft blue eyes, for ever closing, I think you would have pitied its wretched mother!

Alt. Oh God! how tenderly—how truly.—

Mad. Soft, let me proceed—a direful dreary blank succeeded—my wits wandered, and for many months I became an helpless lunatick—Suddenly recollection visited me again—'twas at the dead hour of night—I had escaped from the kind peasants who tended me, and was sitting in the church-yard where my babe lay buried;—as from a dream, the senses seemed to start and wake—no human shape or sound was near—but the cold breeze of midnight played freshly on my temples, and I heard the fallen leaf rustle as it past me—I felt I was alone, and slowly I gazed around—the moon, at its cloudless zenith, and the silent march of the stars were above me; and at my feet a new-made grave, which my unconscious hand had been strewing o'er with flowers.—I looked, and I knew it for my baby's—I could not weep—fire had dried up the source of tears—but a new spirit, fierce and fiend-like, rose within my breast—I kneeled down amidst the moon-light dews, and calling on my infant's injured shade, pronounced a dreadful oath of vengeance—'twas on the father of my child I swore to be avenged

Alt. Unhappy woman, how could you purpose—

Mad. Yet a moment: both day and night I

travelled on my wild design—at last the towers of Altenburg rose proudly on my sight—a thick bower concealed me, and I watched the spot, unsettled in my aim but fixed upon revenge! the castle gates unfolded—and a child, lovely as Cherubim, came tripping o'er the lawn, plucking the flowers and weaving them in playful wreaths. He approached the ambush where I stood concealed---I gazed upon his features and I knew their stamp---'twas your son, Altenburg, your *legitimate* son, whom I beheld; '*Revenge*,' I cried---and as the fearless infant gambolled near the bower, sudden and unseen I snatched him in my arms---the turbid waters of the Elbe flowed near---swift to the river's brink I flew, and bore my victim with me.

Alt. Inhuman murderess! Then by *you* my gentle lamb was sacrificed---*your* hands plunged my infant in the roaring flood!

Mad. No!---heaven spared me from a deed so damned! I cast his hat and mantle on the wave, but held the infant closely nestled to my heart---my cruel fraud succeeded---the clothes were found---their wearer's death believed---and unpursued I bore the heir of Altenburg to distant realms---hither, to the mountains of Saxony I fled---and here, in peasants' weeds, I hid a prince's form, and reared the fruit of noble veins in vileness as my own---my race of crime is at last run!---Adrian, *I* lose my child forever, but *you* in *Altenburg* regain a *Father*.---*(Altenburg and Adrian, who have hung upon the sentence in breathless*

impatience, now rush towards each other.) Aye! fly to each other's arms, and kill me with the sight of bliss I never must partake; but I do not murmur—no, may you be blessed for ever, whilst I eternally am curst!---*(Her corporal and mental powers appear to yield together, and she is sinking, when Rosenheim catches and sustains her.)*

Ros. (vehemently) No, lady! no! that man must have the heart of a wild beast, who could curse a poor repentant sinner, that, stricken to the earth, implores for mercy!

Adr. (flying to her) Mother, dearest Mother!

Mad. (feebly raising her head) Ah! *that* name, Adrian——

Adr. (impetuously) is *your* son—you are still his parent, or Adrian is still an orphan!

Alt. Matilda, our offences have been mutual ---let our expiation be the same; one son is lost to us, yet another still is ours.

Mad. Ours? O! Altenburg!---

Alt. Let Adrian be *your* son---let Matilda be my wife!

Adr. Blessings on my father!

Mad. Adrian, lead me---let me kneel---

Alt. No---*here*, next a husband's heart, be folded, and absolved forever!---*(Rosenheim and Adrian support Matilda:---Altenburg meets her with extended arms, and they sink on their knees as they embrace.——The folding doors, at the back of the scene, open, and Orrila appears, leaning on Githa and Lothaire.)*

Loth. Look up, sweet lady! nay, never droop.

Gith. Ah! I said your courage would fail, when put to't; but you would persist.

Ros. (turning suddenly) How now! whom do I see? Oh! thou undutiful disobedient---

Orr. Ah! Sir, spare your rebuke; your frown alone has too much terrour for your child ---humbly I come------

Ros. I know it---you come to whine and whimper, and wheedle a fond father to forgive you; but you are too late, for I resolved upon your punishment just eight seconds ago; look up in my face and tell me if you do not read their rigorous sentence?

Orr. (timidly raises her eyes; Rosenheim smiles) Sir! father!

Ros. Come hither, girl; give me your hand: but no, I'll take it by proxy, and you, young man, shall be my representative. *(to Adrian.)*

Orr. Ah! dare I to believe——

Ros. Any thing: but, that your father can be inconsistent; you must not dare to believe that; for I never in my life rescinded a resolution I once had formed; I always said that Altenburg should be your husband, and 'tis now, only to an Altenburg I resign you.

Adr. My Orrila! I read your marvel in your eyes---but soft you for a while, and these strange seeming chances shall clearly be avouched for truths.

Orr. I know not to believe, yet will not doubt ---O! If I dream, never let me wake from such

delightful visions, but die of the sweet phantasy, and only find out the deceit in paradise !

Gith. What ! does your lordship forgive my young lady ?---please the saints then, I'll dance a gavot at the wedding !

Loth. When pardon touches all, must I alone despair of mercy ?---does my dear master banish me, never to hope recal ?

Alt. From me your fortunes are indeed divorced, but I will marry them to a kinder service, whence no fickle wish may chance to stray ---Kneel to the fair Orrila ! for henceforth there your duties must be bound.---Now, my Matilda, let our pilgrim loves, that have fulfilled the penance of their youthful fault, rest at the happy shrine, and meet succeeding pleasures, doubly relished by needful memory of disasters past !

Mad. Wondering---trembling---touched with pious awe---I muse---am conscious---and adore ! But now I stood upon creation's verge, a lonely hermit atom---living, yet unallied to kindred life---lo ! even as a moment---husband---offspring---friends---with all the heaven-born, social charities, endear existence and invite me to a HOME !

Thus, when fierce winds the midnight deep deform,
And shrieks on high the spirit of the storm ;
The shivering mariner, aghast with fear,
Clings to the mast, and thinks his doomsday near ;
Sudden—the dark dread danger clears away,
Clouds blush with light, warm strikes the new-born day.

In murmuring melody the waves subside,
And breeding Halcyons nestle o'er the tide;
Through Heaven's blue vast swift-kindling glories run,
And waking worlds adore the golden sun!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ANALECTA....No. IX.

"Undique collatis membris."

MILTON.

It is well known that, in the bloom of youth, and when Milton pursued his studies at Cambridge, he was extremely beautiful. Wandering one day during the summer, far beyond the precincts of the university, into the country, he became so heated and fatigued, that, reclining himself at the foot of a tree to rest, he shortly after fell asleep. Before he awoke, two ladies, who were foreigners, passed by in a carriage. Agreeably astonished at the loveliness of his appearance, they alighted, and having admired him (as they thought) unperceived for some time, the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with a trembling hand into

his own. Immediately afterwards they proceeded on their journey.

Some of his companions, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover that the highly favoured party in it was the illustrious bard. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened. Milton opened the paper, and with surprise read the following verses from Guarini.

Occhi, stelle mortale,
Ministri de miei mali,
Se chiuse m' accidente,
Apparen desarere.*

Eager, from this moment, to find out the fair incognita, Milton travelled, but in vain, through every part of Italy. His poetick fervour became incessantly more and more heated by the idea which he had formed of his unknown admirer; and it is, in some degree, to her, that his own times, the present times, and the latest posterity, must feel themselves indebted for several of the most impassioned and charming compositions of the Paradise Lost.

---

* Ye eyes, ye human stars, ye authors of my loveliest pang! if thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open?

TOBACCO.

THE Marrow of Compliments (Lond. 1654) contains the following song in praise of tobacco :—

Much meat doth gluttony procure
To feed men fat as swine ;
But he's a frugal man indeed
That with a leaf can dine.
He needs no napkin for his hands,
His finger's ends to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in a box,
His roast-meat in a pipe.

INOCULATION OF THE SMALL-POX.

THE following account will serve to show the slow progress of small-pox inoculation, from the first trial of it.—The infant son of Lady Mary Wortley Montague was the first child of English parents inoculated for the small-pox. Lady Mary's letter, dated from Belgrade, March 23, 1718, has these words, " the boy was *engrafted* last Tuesday." The experiment of inoculation was tried on five persons under sentence of death, in the year 1721. Of this number four received the infection, which did not appear on the fifth. This fifth person was a woman, who confessed that she received it when a child, but concealed the truth in hopes of saving her life ; which was the condition made known to the whole number for undergoing the operation. The trial was made under

the inspection of the College of Physicians, and the operation performed by Mr. Maitland, surgeon to to the embassy to Constantinople. In the "Weekly Journal, or Saturday's Post," of 21st. April, 1722, is the following article of intelligence under the head of London News :— "In a few days the small-pox is to be inoculated on their Highnesses the Princesses Amelia and Carolina, by Mr. Maitland, the Princess Ann having had them already."

BEARDS.

SHAVING the beards according to Ross, ("View of all Religions"), came in with the doctrine of transubstantiation, first taught by Peter Lombard, in the year 1160. Innocent, the Third, established it with the monks at the Council of Lateran, anno 1200. This Pope took the cup from the laity, and forbade the priests to marry. The reason which weighed with the Council for the injunction of shaving beadrs was, lest in receiving the sacrament the beard might touch the bread and wine, or crumbs and drops fall upon it and stick there. But shaving of beards does not seem to have been generally received amongst the clergy, for it appears that in France, king Francis I. (from 1515 to 1547) made the churchmen pay a large sum for wearing their beards. Beards were worn by the Christian priests, in opposition to the Heathen priests, who shaved theirs, as did those in Egypt.

DR. BENTLEY.

During the celebrated controversy betwixt Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bently, on the subject of the Epistles of Phalaris, some Cambridge wags made the following pun: They exhibited in a print Phalaris's guards thrusting Dr. Bentley into the tyrant's brazen bull, and this label issuing from the Doctor's mouth, 'I had much rather be roasted than *boyl'd!*

In the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, among innumerable others, is the following epitaph on a monument for Richard Humble, his wife, and two children:

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade
Or like the gourd which Jonah had;
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers; the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades; the evening hasteth;
The sun sets; the shadow flies;
The gourd consumes; and man he dies.

PILGRIMAGE

The form of consecrating a person for a pilgrimage, in what are called the middle ages, was as follows:—The pilgrim elect, after confession, lay prostrate at the altar, while an ap-

propriate mass was performed. After this he arose, and the priest consecrated his scrip and staff The former of these he next sprinkled with holy water, and hung around the pilgrim's neck, accompanying the ceremony with certain prayers : the like was also done with his staff. The whole concluded with the mass *de iter gentibus*. To pilgrims going to the Holy Land a garment was delivered, marked with a cross, both cross and garment having been previously consecrated.

SELECT SENTENCES.

'I CANNOT endure,' said Madame de Sevigne, to hear people say—I am too old to amend ; I could rather bear this language from a young person. Youth is so amiabie that it must be adored, were the qualities of the mind as perfect as the graces of the body. But when we are no longer young, we ought to endeavour to cultivate and improve our intellectual faculties, that we may regain in useful qualifications what we have lost with respect to those which are agreeable.'

THE authoriry of fashion is so singularly absolute, that it forces us to be ridiculous under pain of appearing so.

VICE seems to be the history of man, and virtue only his romance.

POETRY.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

LOVE.—To J. L.

THERE grows a flower within the heart,
Most beautifully fair;
Its fibres shoot through every part,
And live forever there.

'Twas planted by sweet Beauty's hand,
And nursed by Friendship's power,
Affection's breath the nursling fanned,
And spread the beauteous flower.

Hope, the mild cherub, lent her aid,
To decorate its form,
And by her care its blooms, arrayed
In colours glowing, warm

Its influence is without control,
(Vainly you strive to fly)
It witches sense and lulls the soul
In thrilling extasy.

Wouldst thou possess this flower so fair,
Its dear delights to prove!
O of its killing sweets beware,
As you'd beware of LOVE. BION.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

SONG.

WHERE gently flows the winding Dee,
And wets its banks so fresh and green,
O there's a lonely seat for me,
For crazy Ruth of Aberdeen.

I'll sit and watch the trembling ray,
Pale Cynthia beams, so loved by me,
I'll see it on the cold waves play,
Or sleep upon the banks of Dee.

And then I'll laugh to see how soon
The fleeting shadow fades away,
For it resembles life's bright noon,
And vanishes like life's short day. S.

Taunton.

MR. EDITOR,---*If you esteem the following Imitation of 'Ancient Balladry' worth preserving, you are at liberty to insert it in the Polyanthos.*

To ———.

GOD speed thy charms, my ladye faire,
God speed thy charms so bright,
And eke, anon, those charms to share,
God send some courteous knight.

God send the mickle bliss below,
Nor fleeting, weak, and vain;

Then for eternity, I trow,
He'll take thee home agen.

Nor will he, as by others thou
Hast done, do unto thee;
He will not break thy heart, I trow,
Yet just he still shall be.

For many a simple wight, I ween,
Has sighed in misery;
And broken for thee have many hearts been,
Full many a breaking be. F. W.

THE WRATH OF VENUS.

Addressed to a Lady who had recovered from the Small-Pox, without injury to her beauty.

As Love on Venus' bosom lay,
He saw the wife of Fleury stray,
And charmed he flew to meet the dame,
And called her by a mother's name.
Neglected Venus strove in vain
The little rover to restrain;
For Cupid, pressing to the fair,
Lurked in the tangles of her hair.
No more the Queen of Cyprus smiled,
But wept, deserted by her child,
Till awful vengeance she demands—
Rage fills her breast, and arms her hands.
The earthly goddess she assails,
And furious tears with pointed nails

The roseate face, and heavenly breast
Where Love delighted lay at rest;
And left her rival to deplore
Her ivory forehead spotted o'er,
And drooping, as the floweret pale
Shrinks from the wind and beating hail.
Now shuddering Love began to mourn
By cruel hands her beauty torn—
Each soft persuasion he applies,
And words of sweetest promise tries,
And charms of healing power he chose
To smooth the skin, revive the rose,
And called his brother Loves to grace
With heavenly aid a mortal face.
To beauty and to health restored
By Cupid's art, she charms her lord,
And soon a blooming infant smiled,
Like Cytherea's darling child.

PATIENCE: A TALE.

'Twas at some country place, a parson preaching,
The virtue of long sufferance was teaching,
And so pathetically did exhort
His listening congregation, and, in short,
Discoursed so much of Job, and how he bore
With such exceeding pleasantry his woes,
Faith, 'twas enough to make a man suppose
Job wished for more.

Meaning, perhaps, that, since 'tis plain
How needlessly we grieve at pain,
How would it be if man
Pursued a different plan,
And were to laugh, and treat the matter lightly;
And not, when tortured with the gout,
To make wry faces, roar and shout,
But look agreeable and sprightly.

'And pray, d'ye think, my dearest life,'
Exclaimed the parson's wife,
As after church they sat
In harmless chat,
'That 'tis in human nature to endure
The sad extremity of woe,
You say that Job did undergo?
'Tis more than I could do, I'm sure.'

'My dear,' quoth he, 'this diffidence
Shows, let me tell you, great good sense,
A talent in your sex we seldom see;
And doubtless the remark is true,
As far as it extends to you,
But not, I think, to me.

No woman, since the world began,
Could bear misfortunes like a *man*;
And, in good truth, 'twixt you and me,
And that without much vanity,
I do conceive that I myself have shown
That patience, and that strength of mind,

Were not entirely confined
To Job alone.'

Thus said the modest priest, and would have said much more,
But for the sudden opening of the door,
When, out of breath, in stumps
His clownish servant, Numps,
With mouth wide open, on the parson gazing,
Just like the wight,
Who drew old Priam's curtain in the night,
To tell him Troy was blazing.

'Well, Numps, the matter? speak! why look so pale?
Has any thing gone wrong?"—Quoth Numps, 'The ale—'
'What!' cries the priest, 'the ale gone sour?"
(And then his face began to lower;)
'Turned sour! No, master, no!" replied the fellow
'But just now, as I went, d'ye see,
To tilt the cask—away rolled he,
And all the liquor 's spilt about the cellar.'

The truth was, Numps a cask of ale had staved—
Now pr'ythee tell me how the priest behaved—
Did he pull off his wig, or tear his hair?
Or, like that silly fellow, Job,
Throw ashes on his head, or rend his robe?
Say, how did he this dire misfortune bear?

As thus,—in voice of pious resignation
He to his man addressed this *mild* oration.

'May God confound thee, thou damn'd stupid bear,
(The best of priests, you know, will sometimes swear)
What, you must meddle, must ye,
With the barrell, and be curst t'ye, ?
I wish thy paws were in the fire—'Od rot 'em—
Get thee down stairs this instant, wretch,
Or, by the living God, I'll kick thy breech
From top to bottom.'

'Nay, now, my dearest,' cried the dame,
'Is this your patience ?—Fie for shame!
I beg you'll recollect your text:
Job was not half so vext
When he'd his sons and daughters to bewail.'—
'Damn all his sons and daughters, if you choose,
Answer me this, I say, did Job e'er lose
A barrel of such ale ?"

Dr. Aldrich's *Five Reasons for Drinking.*

Good wine,—a friend,—or, being dry,—
Or, lest we should be by and by,—
Or, any other reason why.

THE DRAMA.

To the Editor of the Polyanthos.

Providence, July 19, 1807.

Our Theatre here opened on the 15 ult. under the management of Mr. Bates. The company is very respectable ; equal, if not superiour, to any of last winter's establishments, and consists of Mr. and Mrs. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Darley, Mr. and Mrs. Downie, Mr. and Mrs. Dykes, Mrs. Harper, Mr. Sanford, Mr. Stockwell, Mr. and Mrs. Usher, Mr. West, and Mr. and Mrs Young. Harper, our old manager, has gone to London on a visit.

The company, I believe, are doing very well. They have played *Lodoiska* three times, in a style superiour to any thing I have seen in America, so far as respects scenery. Mr. West the artist, is very clever, especially for *effect* and *dispatch*. He has painted four new scenes for *Lodoiska*, on paper ; the last of which, burning the castle, is admirably executed.

The company are now getting ready for *Cinderella*, which is to be brought forward very soon.

Master *Loring* has been here from Boston, and played *crook-backed Richard* one night. The novelty, however, attracted very litttle attention. The receipts of the house, I presume, did not much exceed *fifty dollars*.

Yours, &c. D.

COLUMBIAN MUSEUM.

THE proprietors o the Museum, to render the attraction of visitors still stronger, propose giving concerts of vocal and instrumental musick, occasionally, through the summer season. The vocal performers are, Messrs. Fox d Vining, Mrs. G aupner and the Misses G aupners; the whole under the direction of Mr. Graupner.

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

AMONG the various attempts to attract popular attention, by publick exhibitions, Mr. Fennell's *Readings and R citations* undoubtedly claim the highest rank.—This sp cies of exhibition, though hitherto but little attended to in this town, is becoming fashionable. It is of a dignified and moral nature; and the pieces Mr. Fennell selects for recitation, while they amuse the fancy, inform the understanding It cannot be obnoxious to the reproof of the coldest moralist or the most fastidious devotee. We rejoice to see his subscription honoured with the most respectable names, among which are many of the clergy and gentlemen of the law.

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